

Ten More Miles

Turisas

Who will be there when the skies turn grey?
- Turisas! You can count on us.
Who's gonna push you through heavy days?
- Turisas! Rugged and robust.
The night was cold, but I kept walking on,
I had passed the point of no return
Turning back was too late but a thought just kept creeping in;
was I walking the wrong way?
You think that it's too late,
change the course, do not hesitate.
Ten more miles and you'll find yourself hoping you had.
When your ship has sailed,
take the next, and you're on your way.
The old dog will learn as many tricks as its false pride permits.
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Who's gonna push you through heavy days?
- Turisas! Rugged and robust.
When you have run aground,
when on the rocks,
when water's flooding in,
how to turn around your luck?
Stop crying in your beer,
out with the bails,
soon you'll be on course again,
with wind in the sails.
It was much too late to start at her age,
how could she ever compete with the best?
There's always someone with a head start on you,
but there is no pro league of life.
Persistence is noble, said the captain while going down;
went down with his ship, that old fool,
lacked the courage to turn around - oh yeah.
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Who's gonna push you through heavy days?
- Turisas! Rugged and robust.
When you have run aground,
when on the rocks,
when water's flooding in,
how to turn around your luck?
Stop crying in your beer,
out with the bails,
when winds are blowing hard;
hold on to the rails!
Sail against the wind if that's what it takes...